



House by the Railroad (1925)

after Edward Hopper

About midday, through late afternoon,
Curtains are drawn against them,
The long sun slivers, light shifts,
Sparks moving along iron rails.

Shadows, then they begin their trek,
Are quicker than any train
Going east or west.
They must be fast so not
To overtake each other or fall behind.
To touch another shadow is to leave,
To go away and disappear in darkness.

CHRISTOPHER WOODS